

D-Day Admiral at Fair 'Vents Spleen'

By MARTIN TOLCHIN

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D-Day-plus-20-year ceremonies at the World's Fair yesterday found one veteran in a fighting mood.

"My dander is up," said Adm. John L. Hall, who led amphibious forces during the Normandy invasion, as he addressed a group of D-Day veterans at the Better Living Center.

"I get tired of books about the war that leave the Navy out of it," said the retired admiral, a six-footer with bushy white eyebrows and penetrating pale blue eyes.

He explained that he had not expected to be called upon to speak yesterday, but he rose to the occasion to "vent my spleen."

At a luncheon following the ceremonies, he recalled that General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower had dubbed him "The Viking of Assault," but the admiral added:

"When he [Eisenhower] wrote 'Crusade in Europe,' you'd never know there was a Navy in Europe. Without sea power you don't get soldiers."

Admiral Hall recalled Field Marshal Montgomery as "an exhibitionist."

He said Gen. Omar Bradley owed much of his wartime success to Gen. George Patton, whom he called the master of lightning tactics.

Col. Richard P. Sullivan, former commander of the Fifth Ranger Battalion, agreed after the ceremony that the Navy had never received its just due for both D-Day and the war in Europe.

"You very rarely, if ever, hear of the Seabees and frogmen who preceded us," he said. "The Navy never gets a good play for putting us on the beach."

The retired officer recalled Omaha Beach as "a madhouse."

Kurt Hentschel, resident manager of the Marco Polo Club, where the two dozen high-ranking veterans lunched, was a lieutenant in a German panzer division on D-Day. "We were waiting for them," he recalled yesterday. His unit, sta-

tioned near Chartres, began moving up to Normandy at 6 P.M. on D-Day. Mr. Hentschel is now an American citizen.

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Fearful Anachronism

The passengers in Ford's Magic Skyway get one last look at the fair before they enter a darkened "time tunnel" that

takes them "backwards, millions of years, to the dawn of civilization."

"This is the world that was," gravely intones an announcer, "a world that trembles under the tread of giant beasts."

Out of the darkness appear huge life like representations of dinosaurs and other prehistoric monsters, but some passengers think they perceive more modern creatures. They are right.

"Some people scream when they see me," said Greg Metcalf, 23 years old, a handsome blond crew-cut Pinkerton from Massapequa, L. I. Unseen by most visitors but observed by some, Captain Metcalf sits in the shadows on one of the eight Pinkerton stations in the 12-minute, half-mile ride.

More composed visitors banter with the Pinkertons. "Are you real?" they ask. "Are you one of the prehistoric men?" "Isn't it boring?"

Captain Metcalf observed:

"If we didn't have these remarks, we'd go mad."

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World of Make Believe

The Hollywood Pavilion has joined the world of the talkies. The pavilion has been revamped to provide live performances on its sets, which were inhabited by spear-carrying, gun-toting but silent extras.

"What you're going to see right now is a recreation of the filming of 'South Pacific,'" Barry Shear, pavilion manager, told a group of visitors yesterday. Teva Guzman, a Hawaiian, performed a Samoan knife dance as a studio camera presumably went into action.

"Cut it," Mr. Shear said. "You're throwing your back toward the camera. You can't see the swords."

After the mock filming, a woman told the pavilion executive that she was not fooled. "There's no film in the camera, and besides, the camera didn't move."

Mr. Shear was pleased.

"It's a pleasure to hear comments like that," he said. "People used to say, 'It's a gyp.'"